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Mistress Penelope.

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The Acting Edition.

MISTRESS PENELOPE

A Romantic Drama

IN ONE ACT

By **THOMAS L. MARBLE**

Author of "THE RAIDERS," "THE PATRIOT,"
"A ROYAL RUNAWAY," Etc.

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BILLETED.

A comedy in 3 acts, by F. Tennison Jesse and H. Harwood. 5 males, 4 females. One easy interior scene. A charming comedy, written with uncommon skill, and abounds with clever lines. Margaret is a big success. Amateurs will find this comedy easy to produce and suitable for all audiences. Price

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Is it possible to tell the absolute truth—even for twenty-four hours? At least Bob Bennett, the hero of "Nothing But the Truth," accomplishes it. The bet he made with his business partners, and the trouble he had with his partners, his friends, and his fiancée—this is the subject of Collier's tremendous comedy hit. "Nothing But the Truth" can be wholeheartedly recommended as one of the most sprightly, amusing and popular comedies this country can boast. Price

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A comedy in 4 acts, by Minnie Z. Jaffa. 10 males, 3 females. A large number of males and females may be used as clerks, etc. in the interior scenes. Costumes, modern. Plays 2½ hours. The town in which Jimmy walked was a broken-down shoe factory, when it had all been fired, and when the proprietor was in serious contemplation of suicide.

Jimmy, nothing else but plain Jimmy, would have been a mystery if it had not been for his matter-of-fact manner, his smile and his common sense. He put the shoe business on its feet, won the heart of a clerk, saved her erring brother from jail, escaped that place as a boarding house himself, and foiled the villain.

Clean, wholesome comedy with just a touch of human nature, just a touch of excitement and more than a little bit of true philosophy make "In Walked Jimmy" one of the most delightful of plays. Jimmy is full of the religion of happiness and the religion of helpfulness, and he so permeates the atmosphere with his "religion" that everyone is happy. The spirit of good cheer, and hearty laughter dominates the play. There is not a dull moment in any of the four acts. We strongly recommend it. Price

MARTHA BY-THE-DAY.

An optimistic comedy in three acts, by Julie M. Lippmann. 5 males, 5 females. Three interior scenes. Costumes modern. Plays 2½ hours.

It is altogether a gentle thing, this play. It is full of quaintly fashioned, homely sentiment, the kind that people who see the play will chuckle over tomorrow and the next day.

Miss Lippmann has herself adapted her very successful book for stage and in doing this has selected from her novel the most telling incidents, the most comedy and homely sentiment for the play, and the result is thoroughly successful. Price

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New and Explicit Descriptive Catalogue Mailed Free on Request

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A Romantic Drama

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Mistress Penelope

CAST OF CHARACTERS

JOHN WEATHERFORD, ... *a Colonial soldier*
MAJOR MAURICE CUMBERLAND, ... *a dashing cavalier*
SERGEANT BLITZEN, ... *a Hessian*
MASTER WILLIAM BANKS, ... *a mischievous schoolboy*
PENELOPE GRAY, ... *a Quakeress*

SCENE :—A schoolroom in Pennsylvania during the
American Revolution.

Time in representation : Thirty minutes.

COSTUMES

(Revolutionary Period.)

JOHN WEATHERFORD. Uniform of American soldier,
blue coat, yellow knee-breeches and three-cornered hat.

MAJOR CUMBERLAND. British major's uniform of the
time, sword, leather riding boots, etc.

SERGEANT BLITZEN. Red uniform, long twirled mus-
tachios, tall fur helmet with plume.

PENELOPE. A plain gray dress with white shawl over
shoulders and pinned across the bosom.

MASTER WILLIAM BANKS. Costume of boy of the day,
knee-breeches, large soft collar, etc.



Mistress Penelope

SCENE.—*Interior of a schoolroom. Door, L. C., back. Window with shutters partially closed at R. Desk and chair, C. Books, etc., on desk. Pupils' benches arranged in diagonal rows, C. and L., facing desk. Blackboard near desk and in full view of window. Large wood-box with iron "clamp" lock, R. C., back.*

(*At rise of curtain, PENELOPE is discovered seated at desk. WILLIAM is laboriously copying on blackboard the sentence, "Taxation without representation is tyranny." As he finishes writing, PENELOPE rises and moves toward him.*)

PENELOPE. That will do, Master William. Thee has been naughty,—aye, monstrous naughty—but thee has don't thy penance, and thee may go.

WILLIAM (*tearfully*). I—I'm sorry, Mistress Penelope.

PENELOPE (*heartily*). Bless thy little heart, of course thee is. And wilt promise never to tell a lie again? Thee knows the great and good general whom thee admires so hugely never told a falsehood. E'en when his bluff old father asked what ruthless hand had felled his favorite cherry tree, brave little George replied: "Father, I cannot tell a lie: I did it with my little hatchet." Thee shouldst follow our noble general's example. Too often have I overlooked thy naughtiness, but if thee transgress again, I—I needs must shut thee in yonder wood-box, and thee knows 'tis a monstrous disagreeable place to bide.

WILLIAM. I—I promise to be good hereafter, Mistress Penelope.

PENELOPE. Very well, Master William. Now run home and tell thy mother the truth about thy misdemeanors. Loiter not, for there are many rough men (enemies of thy country) hereabouts in these troublous times. Wilt take care?

WILLIAM. I'll be careful.

PENELOPE. That is right. I charge thee to. (*Sweetly.*) Good-bye, my dear.

WILLIAM. Good-bye.

(*Exit through door. PENELOPE accompanies WILLIAM to door, and looks off L., watching him as he disappears.*)

PENELOPE (*musingly*). Ah, how strange it is that we love the little miscreants so! (*Sighs.*) Master William, thee is a monstrous wicked boy, and thee sorely tries my patience, yet in spite of all thy faults, I love thee fondly. (*Walks slowly to desk, and busies herself with books. There is a brief silence, broken at length by a gentle tapping at window.*) What was that? Oh, I warrant 'tis Master William hatching mischief again. (*Moves toward window, and speaks loudly as if to some one outside.*) Master William, thee will not escape so easily this time. When thee is locked securely in the wood-box, thee will not— (*Throws open shutters while she is speaking. The face of JOHN WEATHERFORD appears at window, and PENELOPE starts back in alarm.*) Oh! I—I—

JOHN (*quietly*). Forgive me, Mistress Penelope (I ask your pardon: I heard the little fellow call you that), but I am in extreme danger. My enemies are close upon me, and I wish to conceal myself here in this old schoolroom till darkness shall make pursuit less easy. (*Points to black board.*) Surely, the teacher who sets her pupils so loyal a copy will not deny refuge to a poor Colonial soldier.

PENELOPE (*kindly*). Thee speaks truly, sir. It is not in my heart to deny shelter to one of my country's defenders. (*Points to doorway.*) The door stands open: thee has my permission to enter.

JOHN (*raising his hand in remonstrance*). Nay, gentle mistress, I prefer a less ostentatious mode of entry. The bushes which grow close to the window here conceal my presence admirably. I'll come in by the window, an it please you.

PENELOPE. 'Tis proper for thee to observe the utmost caution, sir. I bid thee enter by whatever way thee considers circumspect.

(*Enter JOHN, through window.*)

JOHN (*fervently*). May heaven bless you, sweet angel of mercy! I had well nigh forgotten that goodness could

dwelt in this land of turmoil and strife, and your kindness has lightened my spirits right wondrously.

PENELOPE. I fear thy tongue's inclined to flattery.

JOHN. You misjudge me. Since sunrise I have ridden, with the British at my very heels, for I carry to General Washington papers of the utmost importance. Back at the turn of the road my horse fell exhausted. I crept stealthily to yonder window and hid there in the shelter of the vines and bushes. I did not intend to make my presence known. It was my purpose to enter after you had closed the school-room for the night, but through the half-opened shutters I saw your face; I listened to your kindly precepts, and I—I vowed that my lips should speak the secret of my heart, though it cost me my life to do it.

PENELOPE (*demurely*). Thee—thee is very impassioned, sir.

JOHN. Impassioned? Mistress Penelope, I swear —

PENELOPE (*archly*). Prithee, do not. The naughty boys who swear are banished to the wood-box yonder.

JOHN (*half aside*). Ah, why not? 'Tis the very place to hide should my pursuers pass this way. (*Turning to PENELOPE.*) Mayhap, Mistress Penelope, it may serve me well to yield to your gentle discipline. Tell me, what other punishment do you inflict upon your wayward children?

PENELOPE (*taking long leather strap from desk*). Believe me, sir, my chastisement is very mild if the little culprits be sweet tempered and truthful, but if they be guilty of falsehood, as little William was, I strap them with this little piece of leather, or else I bid them copy a sentence on yonder blackboard a hundred times, and 'tis no mean punishment, I warrant thee.

JOHN (*laughing*). I should say not indeed. I had a teacher once (oh, but she was monstrous ugly!) and she taught me to write a little exercise. It went like this.

(JOHN *steps to blackboard, takes crayon and writes in the form of a conjugation*: "I love, you love, he loves, we love," etc.)

PENELOPE (*reading*). "I love, you love —"

JOHN (*interrupting*). I ask your pardon, little Quakeress.

(*He erases the words "you love" and substitutes "Thou loves."*)

PENELOPE (*with eager delight*). Oh! (*Looks coquettishly at JOHN and speaks tenderly.*) "Thee loves" ('tis better so), "he loves, we love ——"

JOHN (*with intensity*). Yes, we love! Is there in all the languages of the world a sentence half so sweet as that? Through all the countless ages of the past I've sought in vain for you. Why, God has had this meeting in preparation for a thousand, thousand years. Don't you know it? Doesn't your soul cry out that it is so?

PENELOPE (*shyly*). I—I'm afraid I—I ——

JOHN (*resolutely*). There was a Penelope once who loved a soldier—aye, loved him so truly that her very name has come to be the symbol of patience and fidelity. Tell me, are you like her? Would you—if—if you loved me—wait as she waited for her soldier lover to come back?

PENELOPE. Thee—thee shouldst know, Friend—er ——

JOHN (*quickly*). John. John Weatherford's my name.

PENELOPE. Well, Friend John, thee shouldst know that we women are wondrously alike whether our lovers fight the Trojans or the British.

JOHN (*eagerly*). You mean?

PENELOPE (*tenderly*). That if I loved thee, I'd be as constant as was that other Penelope who lived so long ago.

JOHN (*fervently*). Ah, my angel, my ——

PENELOPE (*with gesture of remonstrance*). Nay, nay, Friend John. I like not thy assurance. I said if I loved thee.

JOHN. If you loved me! Ah, Mistress Penelope, would you let that little word wreck a lover's happiness? Surely your gentle heart pleads for me. Tell me, isn't it so?

(*The sound of horses' hoof beats is heard outside.*)

PENELOPE. Hearken, Friend John. What's that?

JOHN (*lightly*). 'Tis one of my pursuers. I heard him some time ago.

PENELOPE (*with agitation*). One of thy pursuers! Oh, hide quickly. (*Running to wood-box and raising cover.*) See. Here's the very place.

JOHN (*bitterly*). Why should I hide? What is there to live for except it be your love.

PENELOPE. But—but I ask thee to.

JOHN. Is it from pity only? Would you ask as much of any man?

PENELOPE (*petulantly*). Oh, how stubborn thee is! Thee will be shot before my very eyes.

JOHN. And would you care if I were?

PENELOPE. Care? Oh, Friend John, thee knows I'd be wretched if harm should come to thee.

JOHN (*heartily*). God bless you! I have your answer, little girl. Hide me where you will.

PENELOPE. Here. (*Leads JOHN to wood-box, and assists him to enter.*) There. I'll not lock thee in. Keep very quiet. (*JOHN kneels in box and PENELOPE closes the cover quickly.*) 'Twas none too soon, I warrant.

(*Enter MAJOR MAURICE CUMBERLAND, through door.*)

CUMBERLAND (*graciously*). Ah, good morrow, my pretty little Quak'ress. Have you no smile of welcome for one of old England's defenders?

PENELOPE (*tossing her head*). Thee flatters thyself if thee thinks thee can win a smile so easily.

CUMBERLAND. Jove! But you have a ready wit, and merit my confidence. I'm searching for a Yankee scout—a daredevil sort of fellow—who must have passed this way. Perhaps you can give me the information I desire.

PENELOPE (*evasively*). I fear not, sir. I've been here in the schoolroom all day, and my position is most secluded.

CUMBERLAND (*boisterously*). Egad, you're right; and I feel it my duty to enliven your solitude. My companions are having their horses shod back at the forge. I told them to join me here. Come. Be a gracious little host. Aren't you glad to see me?

PENELOPE. I—I do not like thee, sir.

CUMBERLAND (*laughing*). Ha, ha, ha! (*Imitating PENELOPE.*) I admire thy frankness. There's many a maid in merry England would barter her very soul for Major Cumberland's favor.

PENELOPE. I'm not an English maid, sir.

CUMBERLAND. No; but you're the daintiest little Quak'ress 'twas ever my luck to encounter. Come. Don't be shy, my dear. Let me —

PENELOPE. Stop, sir.

CUMBERLAND (*mockingly*). Thee is a very determined little Quak'ress, but I'm going to conquer just the same.

(*Places arm about her.*)

PENELOPE (*struggling*). Release me, sir. I —

CUMBERLAND. 'Tis useless to struggle, my pretty. Your lips are too tempting to —

(JOHN *throws back cover to wood-box, and rises to his full height with pistol leveled at CUMBERLAND.*)

JOHN (*nonchalantly*). Major Cumberland, you annoy the lady.

CUMBERLAND (*starting toward him*). What! (*With hand on sword hilt.*) You insolent —

JOHN. Tut, tut! Hands up. (*CUMBERLAND hesitates.*) Make haste. I'm in no humor to be trifled with. (*MAJOR slowly raises hands.*) That's better. Mistress Penelope, may I trouble you to remove the Major's pistols. (*PENELOPE removes pistols from CUMBERLAND's belt, placing them on desk.*) Thank you. Now, Major, your sword, if you please.

CUMBERLAND. By heaven, sir! I'll not submit —

JOHN (*coolly*). Oh, yes, you will, or I shall shoot in just three seconds. (*Counts.*) One, two —

CUMBERLAND (*removing sword and belt*). Dog of a spy!

JOHN. Exactly. How nicely we understand each other. Now I must ask you to remove your coat. Mistress Penelope will pardon your dishabille, I'm sure.

CUMBERLAND (*removing coat*). Bah! You—you —

JOHN. Never mind. (*Pointing to coat.*) You may hand it to your "pretty little Quak'ress," if you wish. (*PENELOPE takes coat.*) Now, let me see. I'd like a stout piece of rope, but unfortunately — Oh, I have it. Will you lend me the little strap, Mistress Penelope? It's good for unruly boys, you know.

PENELOPE (*taking strap from desk*). Thee is very welcome, Friend John. Here it is.

(*Starts forward.*)

JOHN (*hastily*). No, no. Don't leave the pistols, dear. (*PENELOPE steps back.*) That's it. Now, Major, your arms behind you, please. (*MAJOR places arms behind his back.*) Good. You have the idea exactly. Mistress Penelope, will you be kind enough to raise the pistols, one in each hand, and point them straight at the Major's head?

If he makes the slightest motion, shoot. I know it's against your conscience to engage in strife, but the Major's a gentleman and will never take advantage of a lady. Is it not so, my dear Major?

(PENELOPE raises pistols, one in each hand, and aims them at CUMBERLAND. JOHN lowers his pistol and advances.)

CUMBERLAND. Oh, you'll pay for this, my fine fellow. My companions will be here shortly.

JOHN (*quietly*). Thanks. I'm glad to know it. We must hurry then. (JOHN takes strap from PENELOPE, and ties CUMBERLAND's hands behind back; takes handkerchief from pocket of CUMBERLAND's coat and one from his own. He works very rapidly.) Open your mouth, Major. Quick. I hear horsemen in the distance. (*Sound of horses galloping heard faintly.* JOHN places pistol at CUMBERLAND's mouth. CUMBERLAND opens mouth, and JOHN places one handkerchief in mouth, and ties the other about mouth.) Now into the wood-box with you. Lively, sir, lively. (*Leads CUMBERLAND to wood-box.*) Lie down, if you please. (CUMBERLAND reclines in box.) There. Au revoir, Major. I wish you pleasant dreams. (*Closes cover to box and fastens it with clamp. Removes coat and puts on CUMBERLAND'S; then turns to PENELOPE.*) Now, dear, dear little girl, good-bye. The Major's horse will carry me straight to General Washington. Then, my mission accomplished, I shall return here to the little schoolhouse where my gentle mistress will be waiting! Tell me, isn't it true?

PENELOPE. Yes. I—I'll be waiting for thee, Friend John, for—for — Wouldst hear me say it? I—I love thee.

JOHN (*devoutly*). Bless you for those words! They give me courage to defy the world.

(*Sound of approaching horsemen heard with increasing distinctness.*)

PENELOPE. Go. Go quickly. The soldiers are coming.

JOHN. Soldiers? What do I care for soldiers? You love me, and I know no fear. I shall see your tender eyes in every star that shines above me in my lonely ride to-night. Good-bye.

(They embrace. Exit JOHN through door.)

PENELOPE *(watching him from door)*. Good-bye. Good-bye, dear. *(Cries.)* Stop, stop, John. The soldiers are almost upon thee. Ah, how brave he is! He has mounted the Major's horse, and is waving his hand to me. *(Waves hand.)* Good-bye. Good-bye, John. The soldiers have quickened their pace. No. John points toward the schoolhouse, and they are drawing rein. Oh, I understand. The Major's coat has deceived them. *(Sound of hoof beats ceases.)* Ah, heaven help me! They've dismounted, and one of them is coming this way. What shall I do? What shall I say? Oh, I care not so long as it gives John time to escape.

(Enter SERGEANT BLITZEN through door.)

BLITZEN. Wie geht's, mein Fraulein? Ve vere to meet der Major here, but he has ridden away mit great suttleness. Did he leaf any vord mit you?

PENELOPE *(quickly)*. Yes, yes. *(Looks straight before her, as if thinking intently.)* The Major said I was to tell thee that—that this Yankee spy had—had escaped across the Delaware. *(Sound of kicking in wood-box.)* And that—that the chase would not be continued till morning. The Major himself will sleep at a—a friend's house in the next village. He bids thee and thy companion bide the night-er—*(Hesitates a moment; then smiles sweetly.)* At the smithy where thy horses were shod. He will meet thee there in the morning. Does thee understand?

BLITZEN. Yah. Der exblanations vas ferry clear. I vill obey der Major mit happiness, for I vas joost as tired as a dog. *(Sound of kicking in wood-box repeated.)* Himmel! Vot vas dot?

PENELOPE *(innocently)*. Oh, that? That is one of my—er—pupils. He—he was so unruly that I—I locked him in yonder wood-box. It—it's the way I punish my naughtiest boys, and—and this one was monstrous naughty. *(Goes to wood-box, and speaks sharply.)* Master William, be quiet, or I'll chastise thee more severely.

BLITZEN *(dully)*. So? Vot a clefer idea it vas. I dthank you, mein Fraulein, for your courtesies. Gute nacht.

(Makes deep bow and exits through door.)

PENELOPE. Good-night. (*Brief silence.*) Ah, John, I think I have saved thee. Thee said there was a Penelope once who loved a soldier. I wonder if she loved him half so much as I love mine. She was only a little deceitful, while I — Oh! (*Stops as if overwhelmed with consternation; then shakes her finger, addressing an imaginary self.*) Mistress Penelope, thee must write thy copy a hundred times, for thee has told a lie to-day.

(*Takes crayon and turns to blackboard.*)

CURTAIN



The Return of Hi Jinks

A comedy in four acts, by Marion Short, author of "The Varsity Coach," "The Touch-Down," etc. 6 males, 8 females. Costumes modern. One interior scene.

This comedy is founded upon and elaborated from a farce comedy in two acts written by J. H. Horta, and originally produced at Tufts College.

Hiram Poynter Jinks, a Junior in Hoosic College (Willie Collier type), and a young moving picture actress (Mary Pickford type), are the leading characters in this lively, modern farce.

Thomas Hodge, a Senior, envious of the popularity of Jinks, wishes to think up a scheme to throw ridicule upon him during a visit of the Hoosic Glee Club to Jinks's home town. Jinks has obligingly acted as a one-day substitute in a moving picture play, in which there is a fire scene, and this gives Hodge his cue. He sends what seems to be a bona fide account of Jink's heroism at a Hoosic fire to Jink's home paper. Instead of repudiating his laurels as expected, Jinks decides to take a flyer in fame, confirms the fake story, confesses to being a hero and is adored by all the girls, to the chagrin and discomfiture of Hodge. Of course, the truth comes out at last, but Jinks is not hurt thereby, and his romance with Mimi Mayflower comes to a successful termination.

This is a great comedy for amateurs. It is full of funny situations and is sure to please. Price, 30 Cents.

June

A most successful comedy-drama in four acts, by Marie Doran, author of "The New Co-Ed," "Tempest and Sunshine," "Dorothy's Neighbors," etc. 4 males, 8 females. One interior scene. Costumes modern. Plays 2¼ hours.

This play has a very interesting group of young people. June is an appealing little figure, an orphan living with her aunt. There are a number of delightful, life-like characters: the sorely tried likeable Mrs. Hopkins, the amusing, haughty Miss Banks of the glove department, the lively Tilly and Milly, who work in the store, and ambitious Snoozer; Mrs. Hopkins's only son, who aspires to be President of the United States, but finds his real sphere is running the local trolley car. The play is simplicity itself in the telling of an every-day story, and the scenic requirements call for only one set, a room in the boarding house of Mrs. Hopkins, while an opportunity is afforded to introduce any number of extra characters. Musical numbers may be introduced, if desired. Price, 30 Cents.

Tempest and Sunshine

A comedy drama in four acts, by Marie Doran. 5 males and 3 females. One exterior and three interior scenes. Plays about 2 hours.

Every school girl has revelled in the sweet simplicity and gentleness of the characters interwoven in the charms that Mary J. Holmes commands in her story of "Tempest and Sunshine." We can strongly recommend this play as one of the best plays for high school production published in recent years. Price, 30 Cents.

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The Touch-Down

A comedy in four acts, by Marion Short. 8 males, 6 females, but any number of characters can be introduced in the ensembles. Costumes modern. One interior scene throughout the play. Time, 2½ hours.

This play, written for the use of clever amateurs, is the story of life in Siddell, a Pennsylvania co-educational college. It deals with the vicissitudes and final triumph of the Siddell Football Eleven, and the humorous and dramatic incidents connected therewith.

"The Touch-Down" has the true varsity atmosphere, college songs are sung, and the piece is lively and entertaining throughout. High schools will make no mistake in producing this play. We strongly recommend it as a high-class and well-written comedy.

Price, 30 Cents.

Hurry, Hurry, Hurry

A comedy in three acts, by LeRoy Arnold. 5 males, 4 females. One interior scene. Costumes modern. Plays 2¼ hours.

The story is based on the will of an eccentric aunt. It stipulates that her pretty niece must be affianced before she is twenty-one, and married to her fiancé within a year, if she is to get her spinster relative's million. Father has nice notions of honor and fails to tell daughter about the will, so that she may make her choice untrammelled by any other consideration than that of true love. The action all takes place in the evening the midnight of which will see her reach twenty-one. Time is therefore short, and it is hurry, hurry, hurry, if she is to become engaged and thus save her father from impending bankruptcy.

The situations are intrinsically funny and the dialogue is sprightly. The characters are natural and unaffected and the action moves with a snap such as should be expected from its title. Price, 30 Cents.

The Varsity Coach

A three-act play of college life, by Marion Short, specially adapted to performance by amateurs or high school students. 5 males & females, but any number of boys and girls may be introduced in the action of the play. Two settings necessary, a college boy's room and the university campus. Time, about 2 hours.

Like many another college boy, "Bob" Selby, an all-round popular college man, becomes possessed of the idea that athletic prowess is more to be desired than scholarship. He is surprised in the midst of a "spread" in his room in Regatta week by a visit from his aunt who is putting him through college. Aunt Serena, "a lady of the old school and the dearest little woman in the whole world," has hastened to make this visit to her adored nephew under the mistaken impression that he is about to receive the Fellowes prize for scholarship. Her grief and chagrin when she learns that instead of the prize Robert has received "a pink card," which is equivalent to suspension for poor scholarship, gives a touch of pathos to an otherwise jolly comedy of college life. How the repentant Robert more than redeems himself, carries off honors at the last, and in the end wins Ruth, the faithful little sweetheart of the "Prom" and the classroom, makes a story of dramatic interest and brings out very clearly certain phases of modern college life. There are several opportunities for the introduction of college songs and "stunts."

Price, 30 Cents.

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THE REJUVENATION OF AUNT MARY.

A famous comedy in three acts, by Anne Warner. 7 males, 5 females. Three interior scenes. Costumes modern. Plays $2\frac{1}{4}$ hours.

is a genuinely funny comedy with splendid parts for "Aunt Mary," her lively nephew; "Lucinda," a New England ancient maid of all work; three chums; the Girl "Jack" loves; "Joshua," Aunt Mary's hired man. "Aunt Mary" was played by May Robson in New York and on tour for over a year, and it is sure to be a big success wherever produced. We strongly recommend it. Price, 60 Cents

MRS. BUMSTEAD-LEIGH.

A pleasing comedy, in three acts, by Harry James Smith, author of "Tailor-Made Man." 6 males, 6 females. One interior scene. Costumes modern. Plays $2\frac{1}{4}$ hours.

Smith chose for his initial comedy the complications arising from the marriage of a social climber to land herself in the altitude peopled by hyphenated names, a theme permitting innumerable complications, according to the spirit of the times.

"Mrs. Bumstead-Leigh" was the most successful comedy was toured for several seasons by Mrs. Fiske. It was a tremendous success. Price, 60 Cents

MRS. TEMPLE'S TELEGRAM.

A most successful farce in three acts, by Frank Wyatt and William D. Taylor. 5 males, 4 females. One interior scene stands throughout the play. Costumes modern. Plays $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

"Mrs. Temple's Telegram" is a sprightly farce in which there is an abundance of fun without any taint of impropriety or any element of offence. It is by Sir Walter Scott, "Oh, what a tangled web we weave when first we conspire to deceive!"

There is not a dull moment in the entire farce, and from the time the curtain rises until it makes the final drop the fun is fast and furious. A very exceptional success. Price, 60 Cents

THE NEW CO-ED.

A comedy in four acts, by Marie Doran, author of "Tempest at Sea," etc. Characters, 4 males, 7 females, though any number of boys and girls can be introduced in the action of the play. One interior scene and one exterior scene, but can be easily played in one interior scene. Costumes modern. Time, about 2 hours.

The theme of this play is the coming of a new student to the college, her introduction by the scholars, her trials and final triumph. There are three especially good girls' parts, Letty, Madge and Estelle, but there are plenty to do. "Punch" Doolittle and George Washington Watson, a man of color, are two particularly good comedy characters. We strongly recommend "The New Co-Ed" to high schools and amateurs. Price, 30 Cents

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DOROTHY'S NEIGHBORS.

A brand new comedy in four acts, by Marie Doran, author of "The Co-Ed," "Tempest and Sunshine," and many other successful plays. 5 males, 7 females. The scenes are extremely easy to arrange; two plain interiors and one exterior, a garden, or, if necessary, the two interiors answer. Costumes modern. Plays 2½ hours.

The story is about vocational training, a subject now widely discussed; also, distribution of large wealth.

Back of the comedy situation and snappy dialogue there is good logic and sound moral in this pretty play, which is worthy the attention of the expert amateur. It is a clean, wholesome play, particularly suited to high school production. Price, 30 Cents.

MISS SOMEBODY ELSE.

A modern play in four acts by Marion Short, author of "The Touchdown," etc., 6 males, 10 females. Two interior scenes. Costumes modern. Plays 2¼ hours.

This delightful comedy has gripping dramatic moments, unusual characters, a striking and original plot and is essentially modern in theme and treatment. The story concerns the adventures of Constance Darcy, a multi-millionaire's young daughter. Constance embarks on a trip to find a young man who has been in her father's employ and had stolen a large sum of money. She does not succeed, when suddenly all traces of the young man are lost. At this point she meets some old friends who are living in almost want and, in order to assist them through motives benevolent, she determines to sink her own aristocratic personality in that of a refined but humble little Irish waitress with the very qualities that are in want. She not only carries her scheme to success in assisting her family, but finds romance and much tense and lively adventure during the odyssey of her incognito, aside from capturing the young man who had defrauded her father. The story is full of bright comedy lines and dramatic situations and is highly recommended for amateur production. This is one of the best comedies we have ever offered with a large number of female characters. The dialogue is right and the play is full of action from start to finish; not a dull moment in it. This is a great comedy for high schools and colleges, and the wholesomeness of the play will please the parents and teachers. We strongly recommend it.

Price, 30 Cents.

PURPLE AND FINE LINEN.

An exceptionally pretty comedy of Puritan New England, in three acts, by Amrita B. Fairgrieve and Helena Miller. 9 male, 6 female characters.

This is the Lend A Hand Smith College prize play. It is an admirable play for amateurs, is rich in character portrayal of varied types and is not too difficult to produce. Price, 30 Cents.

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